

vito, i hope you become rich and famous,
and especially i hope you remain happy as a kinetic artist,
because i have no doubt that, should you ever feel like it,
you could still write rings around my ass.

THAT WAS THE WEEK THAT WAS

Between Monday and Sunday my car required
a tune-up, clutch cable, generator, battery, and brakes.
On Wednesday a magazine,
which had a year ago accepted five of my poems,
went under.
On Tuesday and again on Friday
I was too hungover to keep down solid food.
My sex life: well, let's put it this way,
I would have considered it group sex
if a second person was involved.

All in all, however, the week was a success:
I had managed to miss the t.v. remake of Dark Victory.

ONE OF THE MOTHERS OF MY KIDS

She says she always wanted to be a gangster's gun-moll,
but the three men she has lived with
were a struggling young painter,
a struggling young musician,
and a struggling young professor.

Here's one of the many things
she did to rattle my cage:

when we eloped to Mexico she left a note for her parents
identical to the one the maniac forces
the kidnapped girl to leave in John Fowles' novel,
The Collector.
She told me about it halfway down the Pacific Coast
Highway
and I almost went over the center divider.

Now she assures her friends that I'm a paranoid.